

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

A PARAGRAPH about the serious condition of Ibsen's health has run round the Press lately. We were told, on the authority of a letter written by Dr. Georg Brandes, that he had but a few weeks to live, that he had written an *apologia*, and, in a fit of rage, had burnt it, with other details. We now learn, on the authority of Mr. Archer, who has been at some pains to get at the facts, that the letter from Dr. Brandes was a fabrication from beginning to end, and that Ibsen, so far from being *in extremis*, is "able to take daily drives, and is in very fair health for a man of his years."

MR. KIPLING was not very happy in his poem of eleven stanzas, called "The Reformers," which he published in the *Times* last Saturday. It was merely an amplification of this "extract from a private letter" which prefaced the poem:

The men who have been through this South African mill
will no longer accept the old outworn explanations. They
know too much, and it is to them we must look, when they
come back, for the real work of reform in every direction.

Here are the final stanzas:

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.
Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn!

Does Mr. Kipling really believe that fighting in South Africa is a spiritual purge for our soldiers?

WE rather like Dr. Duff, of Bradford. He complained to the Congregational Union on Thursday that there is not "a really good bookshop in the West Riding." By that the learned doctor proceeded to explain that he meant that "there was no shop into which you could walk and ask to see what they had on Plato." Dr. Duff may care to know that even in mighty London they will offer you *Letts's* as a substitute for *Pepys's Diary*, which "we don't stock, Sir."

IF British writers were in the habit of settling their differences with the duelling sword, we should, probably, be looking forward to a graceful encounter between Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Stephen Gwynn. *Apropos* of Mr. Lang's *Life of Tennyson*, Mr. Gwynn, in the *Daily News*, makes himself the mouthpiece of "the younger critics," about whose ways Mr. Lang seems to be in some distress. Certainly there would be an encounter between Mr. Lang and "W. R. N." of the *British Weekly*, who remarks: "It is with a kind of despair that one reads and criticises this book. Below a certain depth Mr. Lang could not possibly sink. In his most jaded hour he would have something worth hearing to say on almost any subject. . . ." Both Mr. Lang and "W. R. N." have had many duellistic experiences—with the pen.

MR. QUILLER COUCH will write on George Eliot for Messrs. Blackwood's series of Modern English Writers, in the place of Mr. Sidney Lee, who has been obliged to relinquish the task owing to ill-health.

THE play which Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. George Moore have written in collaboration for the Irish Literary Theatre movement is being rehearsed by Mr. Benson's company, and will be produced in Dublin at an early date.

HERE is a novelty in autobiographies. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has prepared a blank verse translation of the autobiography that the father of Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote in "poetic Italian."

NOT the least interesting portions of Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of R. L. Stevenson* (just published) are the references to the literary projects that were never carried out. After the production of *Deacon Brodie* Stevenson proposed to busy himself with the following plays:

"Honour and Arms": Drama in Three Acts.
"The King of Clubs": Drama in Four Acts.
"Pepys's Diary": Comedy.
"The Admirable Crichton": Romantic Comedy in Five Acts.
"Ajax": Drama in Four Acts.
"The Passing of Vanderdecken": (Legend!) in Four Acts.
"Farmer George": Historical Play in Five Acts.
"The Gunpowder Plot": Historical Play.
"Marcus Aurelius": Historical Play.
"The Atheists": Comedy.
"The Mother-in-Law": Drama.
"Madam Fate": Drama in a Prologue and Four Acts.
"Madam Destiny."

"Farmer George" was to have covered the whole reign of George the Third, ending with a scene in which the mad king recovered for a while his reason.

IT is reported that a woman publisher has begun business, and has the satisfaction of seeing her name on title-pages. Not only is she her own publisher, but she is her own advertisement manager and "traveller." Why not?

A *Real Queen's Fairy Book* is certainly a good title for the volume of fairy tales which the Queen of Roumania is about to publish through Messrs. Newnes.

THE following will be the first three productions by the Stage Society this winter:

"Mrs. Warner's Profession," by Bernard Shaw.
"The Marrying of Ann Leete," by H. Granville Barker.
"La Nouvelle Idole," by François de Curel.

WE take the following from the *Daily Mail*:

At the annual meeting of the Christian Foreign Missionary Society at Minneapolis, yesterday, the treasurer's report showed that there was a decrease of over £20,000 compared with the report of a year ago.

The chairman of the society said that Mr. Mark Twain was directly responsible for this falling-off, through his criticisms of missionary work.

No writer of fiction who has anything to say is likely to escape notice in these days. Even comparatively obscure foreign novelists are watched from afar, and if their works can be sold they are immediately translated. Probably very few English people have heard of Peter Rosegger, the Austrian novelist. His tale called *The Foreign Schoolmaster* has just been issued by Messrs. Putnams with an autobiographical preface, from which we glean some quaint particulars of Rosegger's rise in the world. Born in Steinmark, Austria, he was apprenticed to a travelling tailor—no bad way, we should think, of preparing to write stories. But of story-writing as a profession young Rosegger had not even a glimmering idea. Yet he loved books, and seems instinctively to have acted on Buffon's maxim: "When I want a book, I write one." In his peasant hut, or in his workshop, amid the resinous odours of the forest, or wherever he might be, the boy communed with himself, pen in hand, and brought forth a whole library of books. There were twenty-four "magnificent volumes," all written with ink made from soot, and illustrated with pencil drawings, which he coloured with a brush made from his own hair. At last, when he was twenty-six years old, Rosegger awoke and remembered and understood; in short, he resolved to lead the literary life. As a first step, he married and produced children. His wife died, but his work was his salvation; he built himself a little house and married again. "More children came, and, as my hair whitened, I was surrounded by a lively circle of gay, young people." Incidentally, Rosegger wrote forty volumes, edited a monthly magazine for twenty-three years, and gave readings from his works. He says his books are not so impassioned as they were; but he hopes the critics will call them *Frisch Wasser*. Which seems very "good going."

THE Literary Agent is again being asked to show cause why he should not be abolished. Apropos of which, a writer in the *Weekly Sun* tells an amusing story. A certain well-known London editor does not like to do business with Literary Agents. He was starting a new periodical, and wrote to a well-known author for a short story. "Of course," said the well-known author, "you can have a short story. Go to my agent and arrange terms." The editor wrote back: "I never deal with agents. I consider it wrong in principle. An author ought to be able to do his own business without the intervention of an agent." The author was annoyed, and wrote that he understood the editor's new periodical was to appear next Monday. "That is so," returned the editor. "What of it?" "Oh, nothing," replied the author, "only, as I respect your scruples about dealing with agents, I shall decline to order your periodical from the newsagent, and will buy it from you direct if you will be waiting for me on my doorstep about ten o'clock next Monday." The rest was silence.

OIDA's dispute with Messrs. Chatto & Windus raises an interesting question to which there are two sides. As the owners of the copyright in Ouida's novel *Wanda*, Messrs. Chatto & Windus sold the dramatic rights in the story to Mr. Walter Reynolds, whose dramatic version of the story, called "The Sin of a Life," is being played at the Princess's Theatre. Ouida wrote indignantly to the *Morning Post* complaining of this use of her story, remarking: "I should have supposed that 'copyright' included solely the power to produce a work in book form, and reproduce it in similar form; it seems impossible to me that the word 'copyright' means the right of a publisher to license an adaptation of the work." Mr. Chatto has explained the position of his firm as follows to an interviewer: "Mr. Walter Reynolds told us that he wished to prepare a dramatic version of *Wanda*, and that he further desired to use certain portions of the dialogue of the book. In granting him the right to

employ such dialogue we were acting perfectly and beyond all question within our powers as holders of the copyright. Whether Ouida must know that perfectly well or not I cannot say. Who can tell what she must or must not know? As far as we are concerned, the matter is at an end."

THE art of fitting a Bible text to a special occasion has been carried to considerable heights of ingenuity, but not often higher than by Dr. Reed Mackay when he preached to the crew of *Shamrock II.* on the Sunday before the races for the America Cup. The reverend gentleman took as his text Isaiah xxxiii. 23: "Their tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast; they could not spread the sail; then is the prey of a great spoil divided; the lame take the prey." Dr. Mackay said this was a prophecy of victory for *Shamrock*, the last clause being applicable to Sir Thomas Lipton, who was lame from the effects of an accident.

A BEAUTY-PRIZE contest is one of the latest American devices for pushing a novel. It has been adopted by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. in their novel *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess*. The story is a present-day one, and is laid in Venice, on the Riviera, and in Southern California. The heroine is described as "the most beautiful woman in Europe." As no artist is likely to realise that description in a manner to convince everybody, the publishers have asked twelve artists to make their own drawings of the heroine. These pictures are all reproduced as illustrations in the book. Each reader is invited to choose from among the pictures the one which, in his judgment, is the best conception of the heroine, and to indicate, on a slip furnished with the book, the order in which he thinks all the others should rank. The person whose list comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive five hundred dollars.

GIVING away the plot of a novel is understood to be forbidden to the reviewer, but in America they are less scrupulous or more generous. "The Plots of the Latest Novels" is a heading in the *New York Journal's* Saturday literary supplement. Beneath it the plots of three novels are calmly described in detail down to the final solutions, death-beds, marriages, and the discovery of missing wills.

MRS. MEYNELL did not find beauty in the Atlantic cloud-land while crossing the Atlantic. In a characteristic article on "Atlantic Skies" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, she reports of the clouds as follows:

And the strangest thing is the lack of beauty. However shaped, however coloured—and the shape is wild, the colour is strong—the Atlantic skies evade the eyes that are lifted to see beauty as the oldest sight in heaven. Most familiar of all things, beauty is out of sight.

From the "promenade deck," the fourth story of the great liner, you see some distance—much further, that is, than the little circle of the old seafarer. And all you see is grey or blue, after a pattern, you know. The ocean is not strange to the eye, except only in the haste to which he is compelled. Twenty-one miles an hour and more is the wave driven, and you see no space of all ocean as it lies, at peace. But, in spite of these thousands of miles of hail and farewell, the ocean is your old friend, even if you are at odds with the sky.

On the natural fears of the landsman who realises the vast depths of the sea, Mrs. Meynell says:

To the unused it must needs be grave to wake at night and feel the deep; but the gravity is not awful if one should be accustomed, on dry land, to remember the heavens under the earth; the moon below, the stars below, flashing upon the Milky Way below. Beneath the deep, beneath the land, beneath the house and the secure bed, the sun!

MRS. MEYNELL continues :

Indeed, it is not on earth nor amid her waters, her mountains or her fires, that her children have their finest fears; but among the inaccessible and unknown heavens.

No, the ocean is a manifest friend, buoying the racing ship with the power of his depth. You may find nothing wilder on the way than a single solitary storm; the ship charges it, carries it, and sweeps into the further calm. It is a sea of chances; with one thing only most strangely steadfast, albeit soft, sensitive, curving and waving like a sea-plant in the flood—water within water; wavering, swinging, dividing one age-long way, while the centuries alter mountains—the Gulf Stream rushing warmly to nourish England in the East.

OUR readers may amuse themselves by guessing what living writer is referred to in the following tirade :

He can lip the Accents though he cannot breathe the Spirit of the middle Ages: but he will not endure a close inspection. Regard his Gauds a second Time, and they reflect no more than sullen Pebbles forsaken by the Tide; probe the Poppinjay and you restrict him to the Prattle of a Parrot afflicted with the Pip. Where Signs of the Times are mostly discouraging and the favourite *Baal* is Novelty, at whose Shrine the Vulgar delight to sacrifice all that is sacred or traditional, Hopes might be insinuated by this Fact, That a popular Author finds it profitable to ape venerable Classics. We may not despair of a Public that yearns, however unconsciously, for the hallowed Tunes, even though, from long Disuse, the Ear remains unable to distinguish the false from the true Note. But we must reprobate the heretick Prophet, who, taking Advantage of that good Instinct, debauches it with horrid Discords, beside which *Wagner* were musical or Mr. *Kipling* poetical.

To go down, all flags flying, with *Wagner* and Mr. *Kipling* were to make a good end. However, 'tis but another storm in the *Rambler's* tea-pot.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL can be heartily congratulated on their new twenty-volume edition of the works of Samuel Richardson. There is not much to say (as there ought not to be) about the *format*. It is neat and satisfactory; a very pleasing shade of red has been chosen for the covers; and for the illustrations the publishers have wisely gone to those of an older day, reproducing them by photogravure. *Pamela* fills four volumes, *Clarissa Harlowe* nine volumes, and *Sir Charles Grandison* seven volumes. Seventy-eight illustrations are distributed through the set. To the first volume of *Pamela* Miss Ethel M. McKenna contributes an interesting biography. So great, she tells us, was the *furor* created by *Pamela* that "at Slough the village blacksmith undertook to read the story aloud for the benefit of his less-lettered neighbours, who every evening gathered round the forge for the purpose. So intense was the excitement manifested when *Pamela* was finally married to her pursuer that the general joy found expression in ringing the church bells as for a festival." *Pamela* cannot so move us to-day, but it is a matter for congratulation that the works of this master of fiction can now be had in a form so complete and attractive.

MR. R. B. MARSTON, of the firm of Messrs. Sampson Low, Fetter-lane, E.C., will be pleased to send to any applicant particulars of a scheme which is now on foot for placing a memorial of Mr. R. D. Blackwood in Exeter Cathedral. He suggests that the memorial should take the form of a marble tablet with a medallion portrait or bust and a suitable inscription, and that any balance after defraying its cost should be invested for the benefit of the Authors' Benevolent Fund, which has recently been established in connection with the Society of Authors.

MR. PUNCH has framed the chapter of a novel based on some remarks in our issue of September 24. We then

wrote: "Probably one of the characteristic features of the new novel will be the relegation of the element of sex love to a subsidiary place. It may be that current fiction has rather exaggerated the importance of the love of a man for a maid. It is open to doubt if, in most lives, love is the be-all and end-all of existence." Mr. Punch introduces us to Mr. Pendleton Pigot, who, in the 39th chapter of a "probable" novel, has begun to give to love that place in his affairs which we described as "subsidiary":

He stretched out his hand and pressed the electric bell for his secretary.

"By the bye, Ogleton," he said, as the young man entered, "what was the name of that young lady I told you to remember?"

The secretary turned hastily some leaves of his notebook.

"Miss Sylvia Flindries, Sir."

"Ah! I fancy I was rather struck by her general deportment." A pause.

"It was at Monte Carlo, in '97, wasn't it?"

"The memo is dated June in the following year, Sir, at Aix."

"Oh," said Pendleton, calmly, "One meets so many people. I believe I jotted down a few particulars for future reference. Have you them handy?"

Ogleton has them handy, and they consist of a list of *pros* and *cons* on the matrimonial qualifications of Miss Sylvia Flindries. He reads them aloud, and the conversation continues:

"Just type a note, Ogleton."

"Are you thinking of marrying, Sir?" inquired he, with the privilege of an old employé.

"I had some such idea," answered Pendleton, with a half smile of good nature. "If you remember, next Wednesday week is the one day set aside out of the year for such trivialities as infect our modern life. Matrimony is one of them, to which love-making was an insensate preliminary in my boyhood's days, and a great deal of the fiction concocted during that flimsy period of our history was devoted to it. I intend to get married. I have been meaning to do so for some years past, but being occupied by so many important affairs has put the idea out of my head. It's a thing I believe one ought to do, so I want to do it, and have done with such nonsense once and for all. Just drop a nice note to Miss Flindries, enclosing in tabulated form my conception of her advantages and disadvantages, and say I intend to get married on Wednesday week, and would be happy to give her the first refusal of myself. Ask her to enclose the last six photos she has had taken of herself, as I only vaguely remember what she is like. Say that I consider she could be adapted to my few domestic wants, and if she is desirous of seeing my houses and property I should be most happy to personally conduct her over them, and reply to the best of my ability to any questions she may think it necessary to ask."

"Remind Miss Flindries of all the sources for acquainting herself of my character, and enclose extracts from red books, &c., with a stamped and addressed envelope in case of rejection. State that an early reply will oblige, as in the event of Miss Sylvia Flindries declining my offer, I have other ladies on my list (though I freely confess none with so few disadvantages) to whom a similar offer will be extended. That is all. I shall leave all the details of the ceremony in your hands. Remind me that I have an appointment to be married on Wednesday week, and post me up in the bride's family history. And now we can return once more to the normal features of our modern civilised life."

THE second annual Huxley lecture of the Anthropological Institute will be delivered by Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., at the rooms of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, on October 29, at 8.30 p.m. The subject chosen by the lecturer is "The Possible Improvement of the Human Breed under the Existing Conditions of Law and Sentiment." Tickets may be obtained on application at the Institute, 3, Hanover-square. The chair will be taken by Lord Avebury.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S letters to the *Daily Express*, which appeared under the title *Back to the Land*, will not be re-issued in their present form. Mr. Haggard, however, hopes in the course of next year to publish, under the title of *Rural England*, a work dealing fully with the results of his investigations into the agricultural and social conditions of the majority of the English counties, and incorporating the substance of the letters. Messrs. Longmans will publish the volume.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, we learn from a telegram to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is likely to find himself involved in a duel, as the first-fruits of his new tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini." It appears that some of the papers have published details scarcely fair to the author. Not unnaturally the latter has spoken, and also written, with some freedom upon this breach of manners, and now it is the turn of the editors to be offended. With respect to one of them, the *Resto del Carlino*, of Bologna, Signor d'Annunzio has been exceptionally severe—so much so that the editor has sent a couple of friends to request explanations.

THE *Queen Victoria Birthday Book* will contain an anthology of sentences spoken or written by her late Majesty.

MESSRS. VIRTUE & Co. have entered the field of cheap decorative classics with a series, called "The Turner House Classics." The format adopted is strikingly original and attractive, being a bold, yet delicate, effect in black, white, and red. The covers will, however, vary in pattern with each book, while preserving the same general effect. The size is 6½ in. by 4 in. The series will be edited by Mr. William Macdonald, and a critical monograph will be prefixed to each volume. The first volume (*Bret Harte's Choice Tales and Verse*) strikes us as excellent.

Bibliographical.

THE next item in Messrs. H. Virtue & Co.'s "Turner House Classics" will be *An Anthology of Humorous Verse*. For this there ought to be a public, for I take for granted that the compiler intends to cover the whole field from Chaucer downwards. I don't know that he can be said to have any competitor. Presumably, Mr. W. M. Rossetti's anthology on the same subject (published by Moxon) is long out of print. In Mr. Alfred Miles's omnium gatherum, *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, there is a volume devoted to the humorists in verse from Crabbe to living people. The volume called *Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, published by Routledge late in the seventies, included specimens by contemporary writers only. Another volume, entitled *The Witty and Humorous Side of the English Poets*, was mainly critical, though it included a good deal of illustrative quotation. Altogether, I do not envy the latest anthologist, Mr. T. A. Cook, his task. To give, in a single book, a worthy representation of English humorous verse in all its phases seems well-nigh beyond the powers of mortal man.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill's annotated edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will, of course, be heartily welcome—the more especially to those who have not purchased any of the editions of the *Lives* issued during the last decade or so. These, one would think, cannot be a very numerous body, seeing that it is only five years since Messrs. Methuen and Messrs. Kegan Paul both sent out an edition of the *Lives*—the one in three volumes, and the other in six, the latter being edited by Mr. Arthur Waugh. In 1890 there had been a three-volume edition, brought out by Messrs. Bell.

If Dr. Hill's edition is in one volume only, it will be all the more acceptable. Of course there have been, of late years, many reprints of separate *Lives of the Poets*. Mr. Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, chose six of the *Lives* for special celebration. But that was fifteen years ago.

In the introduction to Mr. Brimley Johnson's re-issue of *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, Mr. Walter Jerrold mentions that the lectures were made the basis of an "apropos bagatelle in one act," produced at the Lyceum Theatre in 1845. Mr. Spielmann, in his *History of "Punch,"* says that in this piece "Mrs. Keeley made a life-like Mrs. Caudle, only perhaps a little too fresh and charming." As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Keeley who undertook the rôle of Mrs. Caudle, a fact which Mr. Spielmann could have verified by a glance at the newspaper advertisements and notices of the time. The description of Mrs. Keeley as "only perhaps a little too fresh and charming" is a diverting exercise of the imagination.

With reference to a paragraph in this column last week, Messrs. Bell & Sons inform me that they have no intention of issuing a new edition of Mrs. Jameson's *Shakespeare's Heroines*. The fact is, the new edition in question is that which Messrs. Dent & Co. have published in the present week as the first item in "Miranda's Library." For my part, I prefer Messrs. Bell's edition of 1897.

Fancy a whole volume—albeit not a very big one—about the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*! Surely this is an instance of Dickensolatry in the extreme. A member of the younger generation would hardly devote himself to such a task, but Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is one of "the old Guard," and, moreover, one of the Faithful—I will not say "faithful among the faithless only he," for there is Mr. F. G. Fitton. *Bardell v. Pickwick* was one of the most popular of the author's Readings, and it has naturally found its way on to the stage—usually for the sake of bringing together a "star" caste for a benefit performance. There was the version put together by Mr. John Hollingshead just thirty years ago, and since then there has been another compiled by Charles Dickens the second. The famous trial has also been made the basis of an operetta performed somewhere in the provinces.

The statement that Messrs. Dent's edition of Lane's *Arabian Nights* will comprise a volume of selections from Jonathan Scott's version, which included tales not given by Lane, is exercising the minds of those to whom Scott's version is unknown. It is, I think, nearly twenty years since Scott's work was last issued. A book of *Selections* from it appeared sixteen years ago. (Can this be what Messrs. Dent propose to give us as an appendix to Lane's?) The latest notable edition of Lane's work appeared, apparently, in 1896.

The "Windsor" Shakespeare is obviously American in origin, and, possibly, identical (of this I cannot be certain) with the edition which Mr. H. W. Hudson brought out at Boston, U.S.A., in 1852-7. Mr. Hudson is not, perhaps, in the memory of our present public; but, in "the early 'eighties," his book on the *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* had some circulation in this country, into which also his *Studies in Wordsworth* penetrated. I cannot find any trace of him in England since.

We are promised a volume of extracts from "old authors and essay-writers" (is an essay-writer, then, not an author?) on the subject of gardening. No doubt it will be very readable; but so was the book (called, I think) *In Praise of Gardens*, which should be difficult to beat. The literature of this subject grows, and let us hope that a real love of gardens grows along with it.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Nerves.

Hypnotism and Suggestion in Therapeutics, Education, and Reform. By R. Osgood Mason. (Kegan Paul.)

The Criminal Mind. From the French of Dr. Maurice de Fleury. (Downey. 3s. 6d. net.)

DURING the last fifty years the medical profession have gradually become aware that a large class of the community are more or less unfitted for the struggle for life. Some of them show signs of that most terrible of all diseases—epilepsy; others of sleep-walking, absence of will, fixed idea or some other of the obscurer forms of hysteria; while others are merely considered by their friends a little eccentric until some accident reveals the fact that they are capable of committing universally reprobated acts without remorse. Yet such persons are by no means insane according to any of the tests that are applied by lawyers and doctors. So far from being deficient in intellect, some of the greatest geniuses may be found in their ranks; and, however irresistible they may think their impulse to evil, they are generally led to curb it by the same fear of the policeman that controls other members of the community. As they have all of them the greatest possible objection to steady work except under the influence of emotion, it seems probable that in old times they formed the recruiting ground for the religious orders. Nowadays they generally give trouble to the police if they are poor, to their friends if they are well-to-do, and are known as degenerates, neurotics, neurasthenics, or, in a word, sufferers from nervous disease.

Can persons of this temperament be so far cured that they will become like the rest of the world? To this question Dr. Mason unhesitatingly answers "Yes," and gives us many instances from his own practice where nervous patients have derived the greatest possible benefit from hypnotism. In one case, a girl of fifteen had such difficulty in concentrating her attention that she could not pass the smallest examination. She was six times hypnotised, with the result that she not only got through triumphantly, but obtained a "teacher's certificate," the suggestion being that she was really very clever all the time, but prevented from displaying her abilities by "her excessive self-consciousness and timidity." In another, a lady of sixty suffered from persecution mania, thought that her husband was trying to poison her by means of an imaginary powder that he scattered about, and made the life of herself and all about her a burden to them. After a long course of hypnotic treatment by Dr. Mason, she has discarded most of her absurd ideas, though she still feels "a certain fear" of her husband, admits that the powder theory was an hallucination, and "looks forward with great interest and hope to an entire cure." In another, all the symptoms of a well-marked paralysis affecting the right side of the face and the left arm and leg were removed after a month's treatment from an Irish school teacher of twenty-two; and in yet another, an actor of forty-two was weaned from drinking a bottle of whiskey and ten grains of morphia a day by the same process. With children, as might perhaps be expected, Dr. Mason was even more successful. A little girl was cured by hypnotism of nocturnal terrors, which caused her to wake up screaming that she saw a black man; another was rid of an apparently inveterate habit of blushing; the child of a criminal father and "an upright, mild, intelligent woman" was turned from a savage little beast into a decent member of society; and a schoolboy was made to drop at once cigarette smoking and what are euphemistically known as "early vicious habits." Is it to be wondered at that Dr. Mason, the worker of these marvels, thinks that he has in hypnotism a valuable instrument not only for the education of children, but also for the cure of nervous disease and

the reform of criminals whose crime has been the result of bad heredity or imperfect responsibility?

This is very well, and there are many facts known to students of the subject that might predispose them to accept Dr. Mason's conclusion. Hypnotism, for a long time discredited, has lately been shown by the researches of Charcot and others to be a real force, and suggestion forms so large a part of it that the disciples of the Nancy school are convinced that this is by itself sufficient to account for all hypnotic phenomena. Moreover, it is generally accepted that neuropathic persons are all amenable to hypnotic suggestion, even if it be not the case, as some think, that it is they alone who are capable of being hypnotised at all. But from this to deciding that all abnormal children or criminals could profitably be made the subject of hypnotic treatment is a very long step, and we see little in Dr. Mason's book that will in any way shorten it. Dr. Mason is, we gather from his writings, a doctor in what is called "eclectic" practice in America, and although we have no doubt that the cases he quotes are reported by him in most perfect good faith, there are many things here which remind us of the hasty logic, the delight in the marvellous, and the reliance on the unproven which makes it so difficult for us slow Europeans to discriminate between the scientific American and the charlatan. Although he shows himself to be perfectly well acquainted with the Nancy theory, he prefers to consider that in hypnotism there is really some "effluence passing from the operator to the subject" which not only can take effect at a distance of twenty miles, but can be imprisoned in a glass of water. So, too, though he gives in the alternative a more rational hypothesis, he leans to the idea that hypnotism can be explained as the waking of "the subconscious mind," which may be viewed, he tells us, "as a higher development of the cosmic mind or soul so evident in nature." After this, it is a mere detail that he uses the analogy of the solar system to suggest that the human body, "like every particle of matter, organised or unorganised," has "its emanation, its atmosphere, its aura." If hypnotism ever comes to be generally used as a curative agent, its application must be founded on some more solid basis than wild guesses like those given forth by the first Lord Lytton in romantic fiction, or upon unanalogous comparisons.

It is like coming out of an overheated room into fresh air to turn from this to Dr. de Fleury's graceful monograph on the criminal mind. He begins by telling us, with the perfect lucidity that comes from mastery of his subject, how it comes about that the mind of the hereditary criminal, or, what is nearly the same thing, of the neurotic, comes to be different from that of the normal man. He explains to us how the sensations that we receive from the outer world are conveyed by our sensory nerves into some cerebral cell, where, in the ordinary way, the impulse would be transmitted from neuron to neuron, awakening old mental representations in its passage, which thereby revive and come into comparison. When this is done, deliberation is, as he says, established, and the thinker, before restoring the impulse to the outer world by means of the motor nerves, is enabled to decide whether the action resolved upon is for the good of the individual or the species. If it is, the action is allowed to proceed; if not, the nerve-wave excited expends itself in what Brown-Séquard described as inhibition of the motor nerves. Hence it is that, in the case of a sudden temptation to commit some crime, the best among us are able to combat and overthrow it with such incredible swiftness that they are not even conscious of deliberation. Mark, now, what happens in the other case:

If a man with an exhausted brain, whose neurons have lost their suppleness of movement by habitual inertia, and whose vital activity is vitiated by a disease inherited or acquired, is in question, how is a comparison between the tempting image and the susceptible images to act as a check upon him? The paralysed collaterals cannot stretch

out their tentacles to make contact with neighbouring tentacles; the nerve wave is not diffused; between the salutary ideas deposited in the mind by education and impulse no contest will arise.

From this M. de Fleury is led to the conclusion that the most important service that civilisation can render to society is to take care that each brain is equipped with a sufficient number of mental representations of a good kind to give ground for deliberation and to prevent sensation being too quickly translated into action. All this he thinks can be brought about by wisely directed education. Even in the case of natural or instinctive criminals, he thinks, much may be done by book learning combined with proper physical treatment to restore the nutrition of their brains, thus giving them strength of mind and enabling them to lose bad habits and acquire good ones.

There will always, however, remain a residuum, as M. de Fleury confesses, of "those horribly cruel, manifestly incurable, mercilessly ferocious beings, who are murderers by temperament, so utterly pitiless that it is impossible to feel pity for their fate." With these he would deal in a very summary way. If they are once recognised as incurable, after medical examination, he would have no more "extenuating circumstances"—we must remember it is for France that he is writing—no more granting of respites by chiefs of the State anxious to secure popularity. All such criminals must be suppressed at once, not by the guillotine, which he considers barbarous, but by a prompt and easy death, such as medical science can procure. For those who may not have yet committed crime, but are "idle, thoughtless, those who reject education but love adventure and fighting, the quarrelsome whose delight it is to do harm with all their might," in which category he includes anarchists, he would enlist them in companies of discipline and send them to colonies like Madagascar and Tongking, there to fight against savages like themselves. All lesser forms of nerve disease, when likely to be dangerous to society, he would deal with in reformatories, whence the inmates should be discharged as they were cured, while he would deal with great leniency with all those who are merely criminals by accident, binding them over wherever possible to come up for judgment when called upon. It is upon these lines, he thinks, that the criminal legislation of the future will run.

There are many other things in M. de Fleury's book, particularly as to the large part played by tuberculosis, alcoholism, and other diseases as the cause of nerve-disease, not necessarily in the person attacked by them, but in his or her descendants. In all these cases he holds that the State has a duty to perform, and should not, he says, be content with repressing committed evil, but should cherish the more charitable and more Christian ambition of destroying it in the egg, and so preventing it from being hatched. Yet, when all is said, we are not sure that he really makes out a case for the treatment of nerve-sufferers by or at the expense of the State. He is no doubt right in saying that the cause of their sufferings is purely physical and material. But is this any reason why we should relieve their parents of the charge of them any more than we do of cripples and hunchbacks? And if it is their cure that is aimed at, it is perhaps rather more likely to occur if they are treated as normal people than if they were herded together in reformatories. However this may be, M. de Fleury's book deserves to be read for its own sake, and certainly throws a good deal of new light upon the matter.

Mr. Pater's First Impressions.

Essays from "The Guardian." By Walter Pater. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

WE do not quite understand the fuss which has been made in some quarters about the publication of this interesting volume. It contains a little sheaf of reviews contributed to

the columns of the *Guardian*, and it is said that Mr. Pater, who did things of this sort from time to time in several papers, would never have dreamed of reprinting them as they stand and giving them to the world as serious criticism. That is very likely. Mr. Pater, like many other writers, looked upon reviews as of the nature of preliminary studies for serious criticism. An account, for instance, which finds place among the fragments before us, of some recent Wordsworth literature, became material for the elaborate e-say on Wordsworth in the "Appreciations" of 1889. And others of these reviews are but rough notes and first impressions of new books, made tentatively and subject to modification or confirmation upon maturer reflection. Nevertheless, where is the offence to the *manes* of a scrupulous writer in the matter? A review is a review and a finished essay is a finished essay. Only a very stupid person could fail to understand the difference between the two, and to have refrained from reprinting this volume on such an account would have been to attach to the literary judgments of stupid persons an importance which they do not actually possess. Because, taken for what they are, and not for what they are not, the *Guardian* essays are really of considerable value, even apart from the light which they throw upon the mental processes employed in Mr. Pater's critical workshop. The literary quality of modern reviewing is not so high that any of us can afford to disregard the admirable models of the craft here presented, or not to profit from the courtesy, the discrimination, the conscientiousness with which Mr. Pater discharged what one is often in danger of coming to regard as a somewhat humble scribal function. Of course, in reviewing, as in criticism, Mr. Pater's ideal was appreciation rather than judgment. He never thought it his business to condemn. Even Mr. Saintsbury's English is qualified, with a snavity which rather makes one open one's eyes, as "a document or standard in the matter of prose style." The nearest approach to unkindness is in the article on "Mr. Gosse's Poems," where the definition of Mr. Gosse as a "poetic scholar" rather than a poet, and the attribution to him of all the poetic qualities except the essential one, are managed with a gentle irony which cannot fail to yield discreet entertainment. Mr. Pater's temperament hardly fitted him to review his friends. But how admirable his approach to subjects where detachment is possible for him! What could be better than the opening review of "Four Books for Students of English Literature"? The books are just an ordinary batch, a week's crop, no doubt, of the *Guardian's* editorial table. But the deftness with which, while each gets its proper share of attention, the four are brought into the line of a common argument, with a unity and a wider outlook of its own, is surely nothing less than masterly. The review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of Amiel's *Journal Intime*, again, gives Mr. Pater opportunity for a subtle analysis of the fine and fruitless nature, which we should have been very sorry to miss. Such a passage as this, for instance, was undoubtedly worth rescuing from the waste-paper basket of transitory journalism:

Yet, in truth, there are but two men in Amiel—two sufficiently opposed personalities, which the attentive reader may define for himself; compare with and try by each other—as we think, correct also by each other. There is the man, in him and in these pages, who would be "the man of disillusion," only that he has never really been "the man of desires"; and who seems, therefore, to have a double weariness about him. He is akin, of course, to Obermann, to René, even to Werther, and on our first introduction to him, we might think that we had to do only with one more of the vague "r-nunciants," who in real life followed these creations of fiction, and who, however delicate, interesting as a study, and, as it were, picturesque on the stage of life, are themselves, after all, essentially passive, uncreative, and therefore necessarily not of first-rate importance in literature. Taken for what it is worth, the expression of this mood—the culture of

ennui for its own sake—is certainly carried to its ideal of negation by Amiel. But the completer, the positive, soul, which will merely take that mood into its service (its proper service, as we hold, is in counteraction to the vulgarity of purely positive natures), is also certainly in evidence in Amiel's "Thoughts"—that other, and far stronger person, in the long dialogue; the man, in short, possessed of gifts, not for the renunciation, but for the reception and use, of all that is puissant, goodly, and effective in life, and for the varied and adequate literary reproduction of it; who, under favourable circumstances, or even without them, will become critic, or poet, and in either case a creative force; and if he be religious (as Amiel was deeply religious) will make the most of "evidence," and almost certainly find a Church.

As we have said, we do not think that these *Guardian* essays will injure Mr. Pater's reputation (how could they, containing such fine criticism as we have just quoted?) in the eyes of any sensible man. On the contrary, the comparative want of elaboration in their style may perhaps help to remove that extraordinary misapprehension of Mr. Pater, which looks upon him as essentially a stylist, and not, what he primarily was, a thinker, concerned more with life than with literature, or with literature as the fullest and sincerest expression of life itself. It has been noted before that Mr. Pater's own attitude towards life tended more and more in his later years to adapt itself to the positions of historic Christianity. It is not unnatural, considering the circumstances under which they were written, that this tendency should be a good deal in evidence in the essays under consideration. Take, for instance, the review of *Robert Elsmere*. It contains a very outspoken and very interesting statement of what appears to be Mr. Pater's own point of view, and certainly was not that which *Elsmere* came to hold.

Robert Elsmere was a type of a large class of minds which cannot be sure that the sacred story is true. . . . But then there is also a large class of minds which cannot be sure that it is false—minds of very varied degrees of conscientiousness and intellectual power up to the highest. They will think those who are quite sure it is false unphilosophical through lack of doubt. For their part, they make allowance in their scheme of life for a great possibility, and with some of them that bare concession of possibility (the subject of it being what it is) becomes the most important fact in the world. The recognition of it straightway opens wide the door to hope and love; and such persons are, as we fancy they always will be, the nucleus of a Church. Their particular phase of doubt, of philosophic uncertainty, has been the secret of millions of good Christians, multitudes of worthy priests. They knit themselves to believers, in various degrees, of all ages.

Incidentally we have had occasion to refer to five of the nine papers which make up the *Guardian* volume. There are also reviews of Mr. Arthur Symonds's *Introduction to the Study of Browning* and of a new edition of Dr. Doran's *Annals of the English Stage*, and two little studies of French fiction. One of these, which contains some charming bits of translation—Mr. Pater was a perfect translator—deals with the *Norine* of M. Ferdinand Fabre, the other with the *Contes du Centenaire* of M. Augustin Filon. Following out the trend of thought just referred to, Mr. Pater lays stress on M. Fabre's books, not merely as portraiture, sympathetic though not uncritical, of the priestly type, but also as studies of "the institutions of religion" in contact, "as its conscience, its better mind, its ideal," with human nature as represented in the peasants of the Cevennes.

What constitutes his distinguishing note as a writer is the recognition of the religious, the Catholic ideal, intervening masterfully throughout the picture he presents of life, as the only mode of poetry realizable by the poor; and although, of course, it does a great deal more besides, certainly doing the high work of poetry effectively.

Faith and Folly.

The Romance of Religion. By Olive Vivian and Herbert Vivian. With 32 Illustrations. (Pearson.)

THE Roman Catholic religion on the continent of Europe presents three faces to the observer. There is, first, the religion of the theologian and the scholastic. It is the religion of the Breviary and the Missal, of the Fathers as they are for ever interpreted by the Council of Trent and by the interrupted synod of Pius IX. This is Christianity syllogised, rationalised. This is the system upon which, in the seminaries, aspirants to the priesthood are trained. It subdues emotion by reason; that which it recognises as the highest human act, the act of loving God, is an act of the will guided by right reason; it involves of necessity nothing of the emotional thrill with which, in our human relations, we are wont to associate the idea of love. Away in the clouds, above the ordinary rational, habitual-grace-possessing practical Catholic Christian, floats the mystic; he is to be found sometimes in the houses of religion, more rarely in the world. The third type of Roman Catholic is one with which the authors of this book are principally concerned. To one of that communion it will probably seem strange that it is precisely in those local practices of scarcely veiled paganism of which he is least proud that these sympathetic Protestants discover the "romance" of religion. It is certainly not to an educated Roman Catholic that you must go for a patient account of the miraculous "little Doctor," the famous doll completed by—of course—St. Luke. Up till a recent date this ugly little monstrosity was actually the legal proprietor of a large establishment in Rome, and visited his patients in a carriage of his own. Now he has fallen upon evil days; but the more credulous of the Romans still send their own carriages when his presence is deemed desirable in cases of desperate sickness. The famous Madonna of Sant' Agostino, also in Rome, is at any rate beautiful; only it is not easy to see that because it is so overlaid with jewelry bestowed there by grateful clients. The patron of Salamanca since 1618 is the staring Virgin de la Vega, a specimen of early Byzantine art.

Still more famous, and more extraordinary in appearance, is the great Black Virgin of the Atocha, in Madrid. Such is the splendour of her robes and the glitter of her golden, sun-like halo that the tiny face of the Virgin can scarcely be seen. The Virgin has her own court, chamberlains, and attendants. The Queen of Spain is first lady-in-waiting. The wardrobe is very extensive. Sometimes she dresses as a widow, but on days of great festivals her costumes are marvellously encrusted with gold and jewels. According to a custom since time immemorial, the Queens of Spain present their wedding-dresses to the Atocha. The ex-Queen Isabella offered the dress she wore in 1858, when she was stabbed. The Atocha is brought to royal bed-sides as a last resource when all other aid is useless.

A far more estimable remnant of other days is the Passion Procession of Holy Week, which is to be seen in many places. One of the most elaborate is that which annually since 1603 has taken place in Murcia. A number of carved groups are borne upon the shoulders of representatives of the several guilds, the bearers wearing violet hoods that conceal the whole face except the eyes. The mystery plays, of which so many records remain in the churchwardens' chronicles of our own country, still survive in Spain, and Mr. Vivian gives an interesting account of the way in which at Elche the cathedral is turned, at the Feast of the Assumption, into an opera-house. The libretto was found in the chest labelled "I am for Elche," in which the image of the Virgin—carved, it is hardly necessary to mention, by St. Luke—sailed across the sea. The death of Mary is followed by a wake; the miraculous image lies all night in state and receives a stream of visitors till far into the day of the feast itself (August 15).

The practical side of religion, with which most people will be ready to sympathise, is shown in the Misericordia societies of Tuscany, the members of which succour the sick and bury the dead gratuitously.

Perhaps their most startling appearance is at night time, when they are engaged in conveying a corpse to their cemetery. You meet a number of masked figures, clad in black from head to foot, carrying a coffin through some secluded suburb, with torches and lanterns in their hands, and a large crucifix borne aloft before them. They proceed in silence, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left; and, if every one in Tuscany were not entirely familiar with their appearance, might be relied upon to send a nervous woman into a fit.

The character of the Trappist or Cistercian rule is rather well known; we may take the account of the monks as read. It is not so much matter of common knowledge that under the Pyrenees, on the Spanish side, is found a community of Bernardines, living under a very similar rule. A story with which, as visitors, the authors were regaled illustrates the conditions in which they live, and is probably founded on fact:

Two Bernardines lived side by side for five years in two adjoining cells, and so thin a partition divided them that they could even hear the sound of each other's breathing. All this time they ate at the same table and prayed in the same chapel. At last one of them died, and, according to the rule of the order, the dead nun was laid in the chapel, her face uncovered, and the Bernardines filed past, throwing holy water upon the remains as they went. When it came to the turn of the next-door neighbour, no sooner did she catch a sight of the dead nun's face than she gave a piercing shriek, and fell back in a swoon. She had just recognised her dearest friend in the world, from whom she had parted with the deepest pain, many years before, to enter the convent. For five years the two friends had lived side by side without ever having seen each other's face or heard the sound of one another's voice.

A sufficiently striking contrast with this austere sisterhood is furnished by the béguinages of Belgium. At Ghent there are two of these little walled-in cities with gateways defended by turrets. The inhabitants live lives of free and easy innocence, busying themselves with simple industries.

Members of the convents elect their own Superiors, who in their turn elect the Groot-Jufvrouw, or Lady Superior, of the whole béguinage or city of nunneries. The younger and poorer sisters all live in convents, some of which have as many as twenty or thirty inmates. But the majority of the houses are built to hold from four to six persons only. None are admitted to the béguinage unless they have means of their own to the extent of £12 a year.

The most primitive form of the ascetic life is observed by the hermits of Sierra Morena. These strange beings dwell in little huts, alone, and communicate with each other only by means of the bell with which every hut is furnished. Their time is divided between prayer and manual labour.

There is much else that Mr. and Mrs. Vivian saw; we have chosen rather the less known incidents and types than the more familiar, especially as these papers, collected from the pages of magazines, are quite slight and superficial. Such as they are, they are inspired by a kindly and intelligent spirit.

Dressed-up History.

King Monmouth: being a History of the Career of James Scott, "The Protestant Duke," 1649-1685. By Allan Fea. (Lane. 21s. net.)

NOT long ago we reviewed in these columns Mr. Allan Fea's *Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places*, and of that book we had to say that it was ill-digested and ill-arranged. To the volume before us the same criticism must apply. We have every respect for Mr. Fea's industry; he appears to overlook

no authorities of serious value, and he is indefatigable in his search for new matter; but, having accumulated his material, he seems to throw it together without any regard to proportion or form; he is lacking in the historical sense; he neither gives us the atmosphere of a period nor suggests its action and reaction upon the broader issues of national development. Charles II., Monmouth, James II., Lady Wentworth, the Prince of Orange, these figures in his pages are hardly more than the automatic centres of events. His history is dressed-up history; we see the forms, but not the spirit which inspired them. Take, for instance, the battle of Sedgemoor, an event upon which as much depended as, later, depended upon the Young Pretender's retreat from Derby. Mr. Fea suggests none of the vital issues involved. He hardly tells us more than that there was a battle. We may learn more from Paschall's plan of the fight, which is excellently reproduced, than from Mr. Fea's lean summary.

Yet the book has value and, by reason of its subject, interest. If there were more occasion than there appears to be to doubt the paternity of Monmouth we should say that he was the son of Charles, and not of Colonel Robert Sidney, because he was essentially a Stuart both in his virtues and vices. Nor can we suppose that Charles, even at nineteen years of age, was in the least likely to acknowledge a son whom he suspected not to be his own; for Lucy Walter was hardly the woman to be able to impose upon that most experienced of princes. Monmouth had all the charm of the Stuarts, all their weaknesses, all their vacillation, all their superstition, all their courage in the actual grip of peril. It is true that he made the most abject appeals to his uncle after his capture; but it is also true that he faced death unflinchingly, and with an expression of devotion to Lady Wentworth, which, though it involved a lie, showed at least a fine devotion. On the scaffold he said: "I have had a scandal raised upon me about a Woman, a Lady of Vertue and Honour. I will name her, the Lady Henrietta Wentworth. I declare that she is a very Vertuous and Godly Woman. I have committed no Sin with her; and that which hath passed betwixt us was very Honest and Innocent in the sight of God." There, surely, is a characteristic Stuart utterance and a characteristic Stuart reservation.

Mr. Fea's narrative is finely illustrated by a series of portraits, thirteen of which are reproduced in photogravure. Of these many are of Monmouth himself, including the three beautiful portraits by Lely (one in the National Portrait Gallery), one of the Duchess and Monmouth, and two of Lady Wentworth. These portraits, together with many topographical illustrations and reproductions of MSS., constitute the chief charm of the book. Of some of the half-tone blocks we cannot speak so highly. That of the second Duke of Albemarle, for instance, is obviously from a canvas which no photographic method could adequately reproduce. For the rest, the book is worthily turned out and appropriately bound. We notice that the title-page is dated 1902.

Other New Books.

THE WORLD OF THE GREAT FOREST.

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU.

"How animals, birds, reptiles, insects talk, think, work, and live," is the sub-title of this book; and the "Great Forest" to which the title refers is the vast and still half-mysterious forest of Central Africa, the denizens of which "range from the huge elephant to the smallest ant," says Mr. Du Chaillu. It is difficult to realise that Mr. Paul Du Chaillu is still working among us. His *Explorations in Equatorial Africa* and *Stories of the Gorilla Country* were books of our boyhood—famous good reading they were, too; and we can remember, as echoes from a half-forgotten past, the sensation created by this introduction to the European

reader of the gorilla, previously almost a "mythological animal," as the Unicorn observed of Alice. People even hinted that Mr. Du Chaillu was anticipating De Rougemont, as they had hinted concerning that other African explorer, Bruce. But Mr. Du Chaillu was justified of his gorilla, which has settled into scientific commonplace. Now he (Mr. Du Chaillu, not the gorilla) comes before us with a book which seems to be suggested by the success of Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book*. It is an attempt to describe the life of the Central African fauna by making them tell their own stories. There is nothing of Mr. Kipling's magic realism in assuming the personalities of animals, but Mr. Du Chaillu does not seek it. He is content with the simplest language, and, indeed, the simplest tales. The interest comes solely from the description of the strange ways of unfamiliar creatures. But it is interesting, in no small degree; though for ourselves we should have preferred Mr. Du Chaillu to have described these wild things straightforwardly in his own person. As it is, the form makes it rather a book for young people, who will find it delightful. So also, if they can overlook the form, will many adults. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE AMERICAN INVADERS. BY FRED A. MCKENZIE.

"To-day it is literally true that Americans are selling their cottons in Manchester, pig-iron in Lancashire, and steel in Sheffield. They send oatmeal to Scotland, potatoes to Ireland, and our national beef to England. It only remains for them to take coals to Newcastle." Such is one of the opening statements in this striking little book, in whose pages one would fain detect a tinge of that yellowness which is conspicuous in the cover. Yet accuracy of statement and moderation in inference are its notes. The selling of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the instalment system is adduced as a specimen of the way in which Americans can see business where Englishmen cannot. The profits of the two Americans who engineered this, and other, literary enterprises which no English publisher would have attempted are placed at a quarter of a million sterling, earned in four years. Whether we shall smoke American tobacco remains to be seen, but it is already settled that we must light our cigarettes with American matches. The loss of several old trades would be serious enough, but in new trades we do not seem to be even "in the running" with the States. Telephones, typewriters, and electric traction are at their best in America, and we import them all heavily. The little kodak of Rochester, N.Y., has been as David before Goliath. American foods, pickles, and drugs, and American boots and blouses are being pushed with extraordinary success.

And the explanation of it all? In financial daring, business skill, and sheer energy of life, the American is apparently our superior. He drives his workmen; ours will not be driven. He revels in novelty and change; we dislike them. He makes smooth the path of the inventor; we leave him to prove his case as he can.

The book would have suffered little so far from American rivalry, but sundry thunderbolts are being forged, and the minds of publishers are disturbed. It is said that we are to buy books over the lace counter under hypnotic suggestion from advertisements. We refuse to believe it, but the statement completes our misery. One thing is certain: if we are about to wither as a race, the Yankees are determined to make the process pleasant for us. That, of course, is a prodigious comfort. But are we? (Harvard: Wilford Bell. 6d.)

WITH "BOBS" AND KRUGER. BY F. W. UNGER.

We have long ago felt "fed up" with war books, yet still they come, and still we find in each something that is new and interesting. Mr. Unger served the *Daily Express*, and he deserves to have his book noticed if only because his efforts to obtain a Press footing in South Africa were so long and untiring. He made a bee-line to South Africa

from the Klondyke country merely to be in that quarter of the globe to which the eyes of humanity were most directed.

It was only after months of disappointment and lack of pence that he fulfilled the ambition he had caught from reading Mr. Kipling's *Light that Failed*: to be a young war correspondent "jerked into the business at the end of a telegraph wire to take the place of their betters killed or invalided." By a happy coincidence Mr. Unger met Mr. Kipling (that is to say, he called on him uninvited) in the course of his search for work; and we like the flavour of the conversation which took place between them in the Mount Nelson Hotel, at Cape Town. Here is some of it:

Mr. Kipling appeared much interested, and said:

"I like your nerve; but why don't you sink your nationality, and join one of our corps of rough riders or scouts? There you'll get the real thing."

I replied that this would prevent my having the necessary freedom of movement, and then suggested that he take me with him as his secretary, servant, driver, or in any capacity he could use me. Mr. Kipling hesitated a moment, and then put me through the most exhaustive examination I have ever had. Could I cook, pack a horse, ride and drive, put up a tent, beg, borrow, or steal forage, tell the truth or lie if necessary, mind my own business and never see or hear things not to be seen or heard; was I "discreet," and was I sure I would not "poison him with my cooking"? And then, when I told him I was an old Klondyker, he chopped his questions abruptly off with:

"Oh, I guess if you've been over the Chilcoot you have all the necessary qualifications."

My hopes by this time had reached the boiling-point, and just as I expected him to say, "All right, I'll take you with me," he said the other thing.

"You see," he added, by way of explanation, "I could never have a man in the same line as myself with me. You would be using my material, and if you wouldn't, you should—I would in your place; in fact, I'd do anything to secure a beat on anybody else."

That, at all events, is interesting. The book, we may add, contains some of the photographs of the British dead on the field of Spion Kop which escaped the order for their destruction said to have been issued by Lord Roberts. (Philadelphia: Coates & Co.)

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK.

BY ALFRED WHITMAN

Mr. Alfred Whitman's position in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum has not only been an advantage in the preparation of this book, but vouches for his authority as an expert on the subject of prints. It is a most handsome volume, and invaluable to the amateur who is entering on the emprise perilous of print-collecting; while to the expert himself it will be a delight, and not without its instruction. So far as the limits of a single volume will suffer, Mr. Whitman has been thorough in his task. Etching, line-engraving, mezzotint, stipple, aquatint, woodcuts, lithographs, colour-prints, all have their due space and illustration. A special chapter is devoted to "Hints to Beginners," wherein the novice learns the mystery of "states," the condition of plates and impressions, and the chief snares which beset the young collector's "way of perfection." The processes we have noted are carefully and clearly explained, though not (of course) at length; and the principal masters of each are described in historical sequence. Eighty reproductions illustrate the text as perfectly as half-tone can, while an occasional example, selected for its typical importance, is reproduced in collotype, which thrusts between the master and the spectator no veil of mechanical lines or dots. The examples of etching include two plates after recent masters—Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Whistler—very fine examples, too; but as a rule living masters are excluded. Merely to turn over the illustrations is a delight to the lover of art, while the text is admirable. (Bell. 15s. net.)

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN INGELOW
AND HER EARLY FRIENDS.

This is rather a distressing book. Jean Ingelow, though no great genius, was a gentle and honest, and to many an attractive, writer. She has fallen into the hands of a pietistic, and in every other respect incompetent, biographer, who has not even sufficient literary sense to avoid making both herself and—which matters more—her subject ridiculous. The pages are full of such futilities as this :

With the Hon. Isabel Plunket the friendship lasted to the end of Jean's life. I have read a very pretty story of Miss Plunket's called "Hester's Fortune." On one of my last visits to Jean, before she was confined to her bed, I saw the photograph of Miss Plunket on her dressing-table.

Or, again :

I think the first time Jean met Robert Browning was at a musical party at Virginia Gabriel's. The acquaintance thus begun never ripened into an intimacy, though Jean was a great admirer of his genius.

Through the folly of it, if you can read between the lines, you get an impression of a highly strung imaginative personality, out of which a wider outlook and a more bracing experience might have struck something finer in the way of letters than Jean Ingelow (although her actual achievement is not despicable) ever produced. From half-a-dozen of her letters we cull the observation : "Spotted egg-shells and orchard petals form the most beautiful litter in the world," and the criticism :

Imagination is such a high faculty that it should repose on things most simple and universal; and, if it has been singing a little out of sight, should make haste to come down like a lark on the grass, and never concern itself with rank or riches or luxury.

(Wells Gardner.)

SYNESIUS THE HELLENE.

BY W. S. CRAWFORD.

Mrs. Browning, writing to Mr. H. S. Boyd, and recalling joint studies in

. . . your noble Christian bishops,
Who mouthed grandly the last Greek,

bids him remember how

. . . we both praised your Synesius,
For the fire shot up the odes,
Though the Church was scarce propitious,
As he whistled dogs and gods.

And there, it must be admitted, our knowledge of Synesius ended, until Mr. Crawford's careful and interesting study came our way. After all, the fire in Synesius' odes is rather of the Crystal Palace pattern. His rhetorical compositions, especially the treatise "On Dreams" and the "Panegyric of Baldness," are better; but the really interesting thing in connexion with him is his personal history, with the curious light which it throws upon the religious and learned life of Alexandria at the beginning of the fifth century. Synesius was a Greek of Cyrene in Libya, and claimed descent from Herakles. He was educated at the university of Alexandria, professed the fashionable neo-Platonism of Plotinus, and became the disciple and friend of Charles Kingsley's heroine, Hypatia. He travelled as ambassador for Cyrene to Athens and Constantinople, and then lived nine years of erudite leisure in his native city and in a country house which he possessed in the Pentapolis. He married and had three children. All this time he was, formally at least, a pagan philosopher. In 409 he was chosen Bishop of Ptolemais, and the first indispensable preliminary to his consecration was his baptism. It seems a bizarre proceeding, although we do not know how far Synesius had already given an informal adherence to Christianity, and in any case, as Mr. Crawford points out, the intellectual gulf between neo-Platonism and the neo-Platonised Christianity of Alexandria was far from a vital

one. However, the new convert and bishop ruled actively, and disliked his functions very much, for five or six years, dying probably before the murder of his old friend and teacher Hypatia.

Mr. Crawford has made a fruitful study of the remains of Synesius and of the history of his times, although he is a little hampered in dealing with the philosophical side of his subject by the lack of any first-hand acquaintance with the greater neo-Platonic writers. He has an enthusiasm for his hero, whom he thus describes :

Eccentric, heterodox, dreamy, unpractical—let anyone call him what he pleases; he was still a man, and a fine one, hard-working, unselfish, large-hearted, courageous, a hater of tyranny, a champion of the oppressed.

(Rivingtons.)

FROM Mr. James Clegg, of Rochdale, comes a new and complete edition of *The Writings of Oliver Ormerod*. Ormerod was one of four Rochdale dialect writers whose fame is perpetuated by a column in Rochdale Park. A man of great probity, some travel, and a passion for his local speech, Ormerod lives in Rochdale's memory chiefly by his account of *Th' Greyt Eggshibishun* of 1851. He also wrote an account of the Exhibition of 1862. John Bright, who was a native of Rochdale, said : "Our dialect, now vanishing into the past, will be preserved to future times, partly in the works of Tim Bobbin, but in a very much better and more instructive form in the writings of Oliver Ormerod." It was to John Bright (when Member for Manchester) that Ormerod dedicated his first *Eggshibishun* book. We hesitate to quote from this or any other specimen of Ormerod's dialect; but here is the opening of his dedicatory letter to the great orator :

Neaw, us aw'm beawn fur to print o rook moore o maw bukes, its just comn hinto me yed us aw shud loike fur to deddykate um (us they koen it) to yo, oppo keawnt, yo noane o yo bein bred un born at Rachde. Aw'l warrant yo us we're meterly preawd us Rachde con fit op o greyte teawn loike Manchestur we o Parleyment mon; summut to be preawd on, isn't it? Chaps loike yo connut be pyk't eawt ov ony nook, con they?

The "Writings" are well produced, and the original illustrations are given, besides a portrait of the author.

Messrs. Bell have had to produce a second edition of Mr. Percy Bates's monograph on *The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters* in their "British Artists" series. Additional pictures by the Brethren and their associates are included, and some reproductions of works by Scottish painters which the author thinks "show in a very interesting way that without the personal contact or direct influence of the originators of the movement, there was, as a result of their propaganda, something 'in the air' at that date to which young and sensitive artists thrilled responsive."

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, have issued an excellent new edition of *The Poetry of Robert Burns*, as edited by Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson, in four volumes at 12s. 6d. the set. The battle raged hot round this work, and its rumble is still sometimes heard. So far as form goes this edition will make a suitable present for the season of peace and goodwill.

Studies in Music (Simpkin, Marshall; 7s. 6d. net) is a handsome reprint of articles which have appeared in the *Musician*. From the literary point of view, the most interesting paper is a highly wrought description of "Tristan and Isolde," by Gabriel d'Annunzio. Sentences like these abound : "Then, like ethereal threads, the slender notes wove round the living woman diaphanous veils of purity. Thus there began a species of joyous ascension of jewelled steps on the wings of a hymn. . . ." "It seemed as though everything was being decomposed, everything was giving out its secret essences, everything was being metamorphosed into immaterial symbols." There are essays on various

aspects of Brahms, Bach, Schumann, and Wagner. "Walter Pater on Music" is considered by Mr. Ernest Newman. But Wagner subjects prevail, and among these we have a curious paper from the French of Hugues Imbert on "Rembrandt and Wagner." Comparing the Temple scene of Parsifal with Rembrandt's etching of the raising of Lazarus, the writer says: "Can we not liken the long tremolo of the basses to an effect of darkness, of shade, which throws out in bold relief the theme of Redemption?"

Fiction.

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs.
(Methuen.)

IN a world given to mutability and disenchantment, it is joyous indeed to find that Mr. Jacobs does not lose in flavour or fun. His new book is as good as those that preceded it; indeed, we are half inclined to think it better. We cannot at the moment remember anything in *Many Cargoes* or *Sea Urchins* that was funnier than several of these "Light Freights"—"A Garden Plot," for example—and we are certain that the by-play grows more deft and engaging. For Mr. Jacobs, it should be remembered, differs from the ordinary narrator of funny stories in one very important respect: he is funny in the grain as well as in the mass. You have to watch him all the while, or you will perhaps miss the best adjective in the book or the slyest sally of sarcasm. For *Light Freights* is, like its predecessors (only perhaps more so), a very epic of sarcasm. Sarcasm, said Carlyle, is the language of the devil: but if the devil has any of the humorous aptitude of Mr. Jacobs's mates and sailors, skippers and longshoremen, he must be a very amusing fellow. We have a sad misgiving, however, that Mr. Jacobs idealises a thought too much for this to be the case. This world he has discovered—this world of mutually deceptive yet loyal forecastles, sulphurous cabins, and of resourceful maidens; where profanity is continuous yet inoffensive; where drink lays every man out yet excites no disgust in the reader; where eyes are blacked as part of the daily routine; where men are boys and boys are cynics—this world, we fear, exists only in the regions of Mr. Jacobs's freakish brain. But what a triumph for Mr. Jacobs's delicate art that his books describing it can go into every kind of English home and leave only laughter in their wake!

The Purple Cloud. By M. P. Shiel.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

ONE of the laudatory press-criticisms of a previous work by Mr. Shiel, printed at the beginning of the present volume, runs tersely thus: "Will he last?" It is a pretty question, which time will answer. But we may assert that nothing could be madder, giddily and gorgeously madder, than *The Purple Cloud*. And, at the same time, nothing so mad could well have more method in its madness. Mr. Shiel has apparently set out to be more sensational than anybody ever before was, and he is handsomely succeeding. *The Lord of the Sea* had its shocks, thrills, and mortal perturbations—it was a gentle sedative compared to *The Purple Cloud*. In *The Purple Cloud* he merely conceives the destruction of all human, and nearly all brute life on the globe, save one man and one girl—that is all. On the last page we leave these two to commence their divine mission of repopulating the planet. If Mr. Shiel had no talent, it would not occur to us to criticise such a fiction. But he has a remarkable literary gift, and a power of imagination capable of withstanding even the inexcusably severe strain which he puts upon it. The first half of the book held us, and the last half was not tedious. We are bound in honesty to make the admission, and having made it, we cannot of course launch that sweeping and utter condemnation which such madness,

such exorbitancy, such screeching, when considered in the abstract, seem to merit. Mr. Shiel is diabolically clever in the contrivance of his machinery, and an example of his cleverness is the dodge by which he convinces us that we may actually read a full account by an eye-witness of something that is still in the womb of the future. Most novelists of the prophetic school shirk this difficulty; Mr. Shiel faces it with considerable skill. His explanation of the origin of the seismic-cosmic catastrophe is also highly ingenious. Another of his qualities is that, far from insisting on the sensational aspects of the invented events, he continually turns to the psychological aspects of them, in regard to the hero. His accounts of the gradual growth of the hero's love of solitude, of the hero's sudden discovery that he could only keep sane by devoting himself to some great work, and of the hero's murderous anger when he finds out that he is not, after all, alone on earth, disclose a very genuine and persuasive imagination. Nor does he fail when he attempts the gaudy. An instance of this is on pages 236-7, where the hero, in making electric power at a generating station, does more than he thinks for. You must imagine London at dusk, peopled by some millions of corpses, simultaneously stilled by death in the varied acts of life:

I hurried out, the station still running, got into the car, and was off to look for a good electric one, of which there are hosts in the streets, in order at least to clean up and adjust the motor that night. I drove down three by-streets, till I turned into Euston-road, but I had no sooner reached it than I pulled up—with sudden jerk—with a shout of astonishment.

That cursed street was all lighted up and gay! and three shimmering electric globes, not far apart, illuminated every feature of a ghastly battle-field of dead.

And there was a thing there, the grinning impression of which I shall carry to my grave: a thing which spelled and spelled at me, and ceased, and began again, and ceased, and spelled at me. For, above a shop which faced me was a flag, a red flag with white letters, fluttering on the gale the words: "Metcalfe's Stores"; and beneath the flag stretched right across the house, was the thing which spelled, letter by letter, in letters of light: and it spelled two words, deliberately, coming to the end, and going back to recommence:

DRINK
ROBORAL.

And that was the last word of civilised Man to me, Adam Jefferson—its final counsel—its ultimate gospel and message—to me, my God! Drink Roboral! . . . It was one of those electrical spelling-advertisements, worked by a small motor commutator driven by a works-motor, and I had now set it going.

In the literary way, the best thing in the book is a truly distinguished description of Constantinople. The worst feature is the naïve heroine, with her entirely unconvincing speculations upon the nature of the civilisation of which she saw only the ruins. Mr. Shiel, when he chooses, can write admirably; but he often chooses to write with senseless "finery." Lastly, the interest of the story, instead of waxing as the tale proceeds, wanes. These, together with the central crude intention to startle and appal, are the sins of the work—a work as to which the worst that can be said of it is that it is abundantly clever enough to be amusing.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SOME WOMEN I HAVE
KNOWN.

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

They range from a Duchess to a Dutchwoman, and the volume contains twelve studies, analytical and descriptive. It is dedicated "to the women without a history—these histories of women." Men are introduced, and M. Maartens does not spare them. Here is a duke. "He was a great,

big, fair man, of sickly complexion, with a magnificent moustache and a constant tendency to boils." Mr. Maartens, on his own confession, is a cynic, "as all men know." (Heinemann. 6s.)

LOVE LIKE A GIPSY.

BY BERNARD CAPES.

Historical. Mr. Capes's eighth novel opens thus: "In the early part of the year 1778, which was the fourth of the struggle between Great Britain and her rebellious colonies, there reached America that 'forlorn hope' of Parliamentary Commissioners that was deputed to secure (if it could), by some late measures of conciliation, the submission of a revolted continent." But the story does not all pass in America. In Chapter III. we are in England on an August afternoon of the year 1788. The title is taken from Herrick. (Constable. 6s.)

YORKE THE ADVENTURER.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

Mr. Becke's province is the South Seas, and in these eleven stories he shows himself once again to be very much at home there. "Yorke the Adventurer" is the longest, and tells of wild happenings. Here is a taste: "Yorke, dashing the pouring perspiration from his brow with his hand, had just stood up to get a look at the brigantine and cutter, when he uttered an oath. 'By God, we're in for it now! Look, here's four canoes, filled with niggers, heading dead on for us. The beggars see us, too.'" (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

JOSEPH KHASSAN.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

Dated from Tangier, about Tangier, and dedicated to "a land of undying satisfaction, the home of a dying people." Joseph Khassan was a half-breed, but on his wedding-day he had "put away Khassan the half-breed, the 'crank,' as he had been called, of Tangier's Bohemia, and had faced the world of civilisation as Mr. Joseph Khassan, the foreign-born husband of an English wife." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN

SHUTTERS.

BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Scotch. The house with the green shutters is situated in the small Scots country town where the story opens. "In every little Scotch community there is a distinct type known as 'the bodie.' 'What does he do, that man?' you may ask; and the answer will be: 'Really, I could hardly tell ye what he does—he's just a bodie!'" Mr. Douglas has a firm grasp of his material, and an easy, swinging style. (Macqueen. 6s.)

FLOWER AND THORN.

BY BEATRICE WHITBY.

A quiet, domestic story, by the author of *The Awakening of Mary Fenwick*—the kind of story that is almost rare nowadays. It opens at a seaside resort, where Mrs. Guthrie is staying with her niece Jane and her son David, who carries a message to the lodgers upstairs, and thus makes the acquaintance of Valerie. The message was: "My mother is an invalid, and to-day she has a headache. I came up to ask if you would mind being quiet." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

A GODDESS OF GRAY'S INN.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

Mr. Burgin is always cheery and sentimental, and in this volume he is quite himself. "Do you take sugar?" asked the goddess of Gray's Inn, gliding to a little tea-table, a pair of silver sugar-tongs poised inquiringly above her dainty cups. He usually took absinthe at this hour of the afternoon, not because he really liked it, but because in one so young it was a daring and devilish thing to do." The end of the story is just what it should be in a novel by Mr. Burgin: "Then slowly, slowly she came to him, and kissed him on the lips." (Pearson. 6s.)

WHEN THE LAND WAS

YOUNG.

BY LAFAYETTE McLAWS.

Adventure, with Indians in the text and in the spirited pictures. It closes on this note: "Within the week King

Louis withdraws his indulgence to Protestants. The edict given at Nantes will be revoked." It begins: "We were stripped of our clothes and made to stand with our backs to the fire. The Indians, ranged in a semi-circle facing us, sat like bronze statues under the crimson and yellow glare of the leaping flames with the deepening shade of the moss-draped forest behind them." (Constable. 6s.)

THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN.

BY M. FLANDRAU.

American. The diarist is ingenuous; he has an eye for the lighter side of things, and he has certainly read Mr. Jerome. The diary begins: "Mamma left for home this afternoon." A little later we read: "We got some Turkish rugs at an auction in town. The man said they would never wear out. When they arrived here and I saw them for the first time by daylight (they had gas at the sale), I knew what he meant. However, mamma darned them very nicely." (Heinemann. 4s.)

OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

Adventure. The narrator is a fourth officer on a Cunard liner, who jumps overboard and saves a "quiet, unpretentious old soul" from drowning. He is E. Sandbacker, of California, and, on his death, he bequeaths the fourth officer one million dollars. Then follow adventures, including the rescue of a girl and her brother from persecution. The story is dedicated to "Alfred Dreyfus, without his permission." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE PLACE OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM BARRY.

Four stories by the author of *The Two Standards*. Three of them have been published before, the fourth, "St. Anthony's Flask," is new. In an Advertisement of five pages Dr. Barry refers to the Upanishads, has something to say about the soul under its Brahmic name of Purusha, and warns his readers "against meddling with the thing called 'Spiritualism.'" (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

THE FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA

M'NAB.

BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

Christina was Scotch. "'Deed, Sandy,' she cried, 'does a lassie with eighteen thousand a year marry an electrical engineer?'" She had frizzy red hair, and before the wind-fall she had been dressing on twenty pounds a year. The story opens well. Christina's experiences are certainly readable, and novel readers who like the deserving to have their deserts will not be disappointed. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MAN OF MILLIONS.

BY S. R. KEIGHTLEY.

A story of to-day, bright and readable, with love-making, intrigue, a mysterious murder, and a Chinaman who flits through the pages, and makes remarks like: "He dam liar," "he dam liar all-litee," "me good Ohlistian." Ah Sin's master, who had left home under a cloud and gone to South Africa, ran against, not the kind of mountain that General Buller bumped his head upon in Caron D'Ache's cartoon, but "a mountain of diamonds." The story deals with the attempt of less lucky men to relieve Percival of his fortune. (Cassell. 6s.)

We have also received *A Blind Marriage*, by George R. Sims (Chatto, 3s. 6d.); *T' Bacca Queen*, by Theodore Wilson (Arnold, 6s.); *The Marriage of Laurentia*, by Marie Haultmont (Sands, 6s.); *Captain Ishmael*, by George Griffith (Hutchinson, 6s.); *Frédérique*, by Marcel Prévost, translated by Ellen Marriage (Duckworth, 6s.); *Mary Anne of Parchment Buildings*, by Lucas Cleeve (Digby, Long, 6s.); *The Awakening of Helena Thorpe*, by E. Rentoul Esler (Partridge, 3s. 6d.); *Halfway to Hades*, by Theo Irving (Milne, 3s. 6d.); *East of Suez*, by Alice Perrin (Treherne, 6s.); *Mad Lorrimer*, by Finch Mason (Treherne, 6s.); *The Templing of Father Anthony*, by George Horton (Chicago: McClurg & Co.).

THE ACADEMY.

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The Critic in the Market Place.

OF all who write, the makers of verses surely receive the least encouragement. Their booklets do not sell, and in the family circle poets follow the Muse in an environment of frowning disapproval. But they persevere, inspired to heroic efforts by the acclamation with which a true poet is received. They publish their little sheaves of verse, and for many the bill is the end of the experiment. Poetry is not popular. It is not a commodity with a sure, if variable, sale, like fiction. Of the few who are interested in modern verse, the majority are but tasters, taking what they like in homeopathic doses, mainly from reviews, and succumbing readily to the temptation to quote snatches. From Mr. William Watson's muse you may hear, not infrequently, this:

Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that
 hath language,
 While, through the veins of the Earth, riots the ichor
 of spring. . . .

From Mrs. Meynell:

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight. . . .

From Mr. Stephen Phillips:

O thou art put to many uses, sweet!
 Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in Spring;
 But yet! . . .

From Mr. Francis Thompson:

When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
 And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey;
 And souls went palely up the sky,
 And mine to Lucidé. . . .

From Mr. John Davidson:

I care not for my broken vow;
 Though God should come in thunder soon,
 I am sister to the mountains now,
 And sister to the sun and moon. . . .

From Mr. William Yates:

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true;
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face. . . .

From Miss Louisa Shore:

Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed dead!
 Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
 Forget not the forgotten! . . .

The extracts might be prolonged. They are not the best; they just happen to be snatches from the works of the dozen or so prominent younger poets of the day that have passed, more or less, into current use. For, although poetry is not popular nowadays, good poetry is quickly recognised. The tasters are many, if the students are few. The day is passed when it was "a mark of culture to confound George with Owen Meredith, or to prefer, on the whole, 'Lucille' to 'Love in a Valley'."

Mr. William Archer is not a taster. Either he will pursue

a meal right through to the cognac, or he will have none at all. He has the quality that enthusiastic civilians, six thousand miles away, once gave to General Buller. He is dogged. In his interest in the drama, in Ibsen, in Real Conversations, in Volunteering (we trust we are not betraying a secret) dogged is the epithet that describes Mr. Archer. Whatever subject he chooses, he foots it milestone after milestone, without haste, without languor, and when he can say "The men are splendid," he says it without rhetoric, but with a prodigal use of his own particular choice in words and phrases. His similes and allusions do not, like Mr. Lang's, jump to the nib-point. Shakespeare would never have called one of his figures "a good swift simile, but something currish." Rather they are architectonic. For example:

Perhaps he himself may one day subject his high-piled granary to the winnowing process it so sadly needs, and scattering the chaff to the winds, give it the residual treasure-heap of pure poetic wheat.

Elsewhere we find: "His spirit is electrically fuliginous."

It is Mr. Archer's square-browed, dogged determination to be thorough that makes all he writes so well worth reading. Consider his volume on *Poets of the Younger Generation* (Lane). It is as huge, and as heavy to hold, as a volume of a popular encyclopædia. Why? Because Mr. Archer, having determined to write on modern poetry, must plough the whole field. Any other critic would have been content to keep to his own furrow. Not so Mr. Archer. Having decided to play the rôle of uncle to the younger poets of our time, he first makes this rule: "To include only poets born since 1850"; then he proceeds to read all that they have written, and after that to put on paper just what he thinks, without a mental reservation or a single glance over his shoulder at the frown or smile of any other critic, quick or dead. Consequently we have a volume that is quite unlike any other book. He who reads these pages with care should know as much about modern poetry as the man in the street knows about politics or sport. The book is a testimony to one man's industry, perseverance, intellectuality, and sane taste. A one-man view obviously, but the view of a man who belongs to no school, who has the courage of his opinions, and the strength to change his mind. Thus, at the end of the paper on Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Archer writes: "As I re-read Mr. Housman's poems after an interval of three years or so, I have a curious feeling of having quoted the wrong things." As to the courage of his convictions, he boldly proclaims that a little song by a Miss Alice Brown "ought to take its place in every 'Golden Treasury' of English lyrics." It is in three stanzas, of which this is the last:

My birds, come back! the hollow sky
 Is weary for your note.
 (Sweet throat, come back! O liquid mellow throat!)
 Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,
 Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
 The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
 The tawny shining coat.

Occasionally Mr. Archer belies his Scots restraint, as when he writes:

All Paris went into ecstasies the other day over Jean Richepin's line—

"Et tous les forêts avec tous leur oiseaux."

In England we take no notice of such trifles, and the North-country lad [Mr. Watson] who wrote

"As some lone sea-bird over a lone sea"

had to wait many a year before he met with any real encouragement.

The thirty-three poets included in these 565 pages are chosen, we gather, because their work, or some substantial portion of it, has given Mr. Archer genuine pleasure.

Appreciation is the end and aim of the volume. The poets are not marshalled in any order of merit. Each one stands by himself or herself. Comparisons are never made; they stand in alphabetical order. We give the list with the number of pages devoted to each:

Mr. Stephen Phillips... 46	Miss E. Nesbit 12
Mr. John Davidson ... 43	Mrs. Marriott Watson 12
Mr. William Watson... 41	Mr. Madison Cawein 11
Mr. Kipling 31	Mr. Quiller Couch ... 11
Mr. Francis Thompson 29	Mr. Charles Roberts... 11
Mr. W. B. Yeats 29	Mr. D. C. Scott..... 11
Mr. Henry Newbolt... 25	Mr. John Tabb 10
Mr. Bliss Carman..... 17	Mr. A. C. Benson..... 10
Mr. Laurence Binyon 15	Mr. L. Housman 10
Mr. F. B. Money Coutts 14	Mr. F. H. Trench..... 9
Mrs. Hinkson 14	Mrs. Woods 9
Mr. Richard Hovey ... 14	Mrs. Meynell..... 8
Mr. Le Gallienne..... 13	Mr. H. C. Beeching... 7
Mrs. Shorter 13	Miss Nora Hopper ... 7
Mr. A. E. Housman... 13	Mrs. Radford..... 7
Mr. George Santayana 12	Miss Alice Brown..... 6
Mr. Arthur Symonds... 12	

Such is the list. Obviously the number of pages each poet receives is regulated by the extent of his production. A voluminous poet like Mr. Davidson cannot be appreciated in the space that suffices for Mrs. Meynell's shy muse.

We have said that Mr. Archer is thorough and dogged. Indeed, he carries those characteristics to a point where few critics will care to follow. In plain words, he stands in the market-place and shows his credentials to the thirty-three poets whom he has criticised and interpreted, prefacing his confession by quoting Mr. John M. Robertson's plea for scientific criticism, advanced in his *New Essays Towards a Critical Method*, which amounts to this: "that the critic should give the reader and the person criticised an opportunity of checking his individual judgments, and estimating their value, by a reference to his general culture and habit of mind." In twenty and odd pages Mr. Archer discourses of his preferences in poetry during boyhood, youth, and adolescence, gravely, but with an undercurrent of humorous detachment that wins the sympathy of the reader as it should mollify the criticised. This standing in the market-place is not new. Others have done it before, more or less candidly, but we doubt if any critic of our time has done it so thoroughly.

Of those who have stood in the market-place, one lonely, lofty spirit, now dead—a critic of philosophy, not of poetry—comes to mind. We mean the great soul who wrote the passage we print below. Many have been thrilled by that enkindling passage, so unexpected, at the end of the difficult first volume of *Types of Ethical Theory*:

With a noble inconsistency, all the great writers whose doctrines we have studied betray the tenacious vitality of the intuitive consciousness of duty, throughout the very process of cutting away its philosophic roots; and Plato, in his "divine wrath" at the tyrant flung into Tartarus; Malebranche, self-extinguished in the Absolute Holiness; Spinoza, lifted from the thralldom of passion into the freedom of Infinite Love; Comte, on his knees before the image of a Perfect Humanity, are touching witnesses to the undying fires of moral faith and aspiration.

In the preface to that work Dr. Martineau stands in the market-place, and recalls, in his grave, vivid manner, the intellectual wanderings that led quietly to the light:

It is no wonder then, that, in skimming over my notes of work in those distant years, I seem to be communing with some tight-swathed logical prig, in whose jerky confidence and angular mimicry of life I am humbled to recognise the image of myself . . .

It was the irresistible pleading of the moral consciousness which first drove me to rebel against the limits of the merely scientific conception. . . .

I gave myself chiefly to Greek studies, and only read more largely authors of whom I had supposed myself to know something before. The effect I cannot describe but as a new intellectual birth: after a temporary struggle

out of the English into the Greek moulds of conception, I seemed to pierce, through what had been words before, into contact with living thought, and the black, grammatical text was aglow with luminous philosophy.

Mr. Archer, in his way, is equally strenuous. We have strung together a few extracts from his confession:

The first composition of mine that ever found its way into print was some sort of rhapsody (in prose) on Byron at Missolonghi. The attack passed off in six months or so, and I am not aware that it left behind any permanent ill effects. About the same time I read the greater part of *The Faery Queen*, with a certain pleasure, but without any real appreciation. It was from Wordsworth, whom I read for a college essay, that I learned the true meaning of the word poetry.

Coleridge, of course, came to me in the train of Wordsworth, and *The Ancient Mariner* seemed to me at seventeen, what it seems to me now, the most magical of poems, an inspiration and a miracle.

But the test of a mature sense of poetical values is, to my thinking, a genuine appreciation of Milton. With me it came late. I spent my twentieth year idling in Australia, and being somewhat hard up for literature, I set myself to read *Paradise Lost* from beginning to end, at the rate of a book a day. I accomplished the task, but it bored me unspeakably, and I used to take an unholy revenge in chuckling between-whiles over Taine's analysis of the poem. I did not return to it for seven or eight years, until one day I found myself starting on a railway journey with nothing to read, and paid a shilling at the station bookstall for a pocket *Paradise Lost*. That was to me an ever memorable journey; the poem became my bedside book for months; and ever since, when I have ten minutes to spare for pure pleasure, I open *Paradise Lost* almost at random.

To my unmusical soul, a classical concert is delightful for ten minutes; after that my attention begins to wander, and presently I find myself suffering the inverse tantalisation of one who is seated at a gorgeous banquet for which he has no appetite. In precisely the same way does the greater part of Shelley's poetry affect me. *Prometheus Unbound*, for instance, I regard as probably the greatest symphony in literature; but, alas! I have no soul for symphonies.

Dante I read and re-read, but otherwise know scarcely anything of Italian poetry.

The confession, of which the above are but a few sentences taken here and there, is not very compromising, but considerable fortitude is required to say as much as Mr. Archer has said.

An anthology is a confession of preferences, and it is as futile to complain of omissions or inclusions in an anthology as it is to criticise a confession of wrong-doing. The critic should, as far as he can, interpret the mind of the anthologist, and rest content without agreeing or differing. We may, or we may not, think that Tennyson's "Frater Ave Atque Vale" deserves the high praise that Mr. Archer gives to it, but we are certainly glad of a critic who is not too cultured to be enthusiastic. Also for a critic who can write straightforwardly as this. It is in the paper on Mr. Francis Thompson. After quoting the poem "To a Snow-Flake," Mr. Archer continues:

How can one harden one's heart to remonstrate with a poet who can write like this? One's impulse is rather to say, "Go on and prosper—play what pranks you please with the English language; Latinise, neologise, solecise as you will; make past-participles from nouns and verbs transitive from adjectives; devise gins and springs for the tongue out of cunningly-knotted sibilants and dental consonants; pause not to distinguish between grotesque conceits and noble images; only continue to write such lines as these:

"Even the kisses of the just,
Go down not unresurgent to the dust.
Yea, not a kiss which I have given,
But shall triumph upon my lips in heaven,
Or cling a shameful fungus there in hell—"

and everything, everything shall be forgiven you!

Things Seen.

The Diners.

PEOPLE did not go to this restaurant to stare, or to be stared at, or to hear music. They went to eat. For that purpose the restaurant, with its simple decorations and solid furniture, was designed. And, although there were half a hundred dishes on the *menu*, not one of them appeared under the vulgar heading, "Plats du jour." It was impossible for this proprietor to insult his customers by supposing that they would order a dish that was "always ready," and that half-a-dozen other individuals might be eating at the same moment. No! each diner selected his dishes after a concentrated study of the *menu*, and the choice was noted by the head-waiter, ever ready with deferential advice when needed. Twenty minutes—half an hour—they would willingly wait. Of course, the majority of the diners were foreigners. Englishmen, as a class, do not dine: they eat, dividing their attention between their plates and a newspaper. Here you never see a paper.

Curiosity led me one night into this restaurant, and, after ordering a steak, fried potatoes, and an apple tart, I confess to have found the period of waiting, without a newspaper, a little tedious, till my eye fell upon two elderly men, who were seated at the table adjoining mine. Plainly they were graduates in the art of living. Like as two peas (probably brothers), touched with distinction, they had grown grey without losing their figures, or forgetting that it is the duty of man, as of woman, to cultivate as prepossessing an exterior as nature permits. Their hair was trim; their small, pointed beards were newly cut; their small moustaches were just sufficiently waxed; their clothes were quiet; their linen shone, and they were dining with the easy movements of a Government official writing a letter. Being wise, they had arranged an occupation that, while not interfering with the subtleties of dining, would afford them just enough intellectual excitement to keep the mind engaged. By the side of each reposed a gold pencil, and from one to the other was passed, at leisurely intervals, a sheet of cream-laid note-paper, upon which, in turn, each wrote something in small, neat caligraphy. They never made an entry without first studying the *menu*, and, when one had written, he passed the *menu* and the sheet of cream-laid paper, with a courteous inclination of the head, to his companion. This continued through the evening, and, when I learnt the meaning of their occupation, I realised how far I was from the artistic realisation of the art of dining.

When they dined together, they spent the intervals between the courses in selecting, turn by turn, the dishes for their next meeting.

The Column of Smoke.

AN hour ago the steamship *Una* had landed me on the quay; and now, having handed in my passport, duly *visé* and countersigned, to the Czar's vicar in the hotel bureau, I stood upon the Newski Prospect trying to identify the peculiar odour of St. Petersburg, for every city has its peculiar and distinctive smell. At the end of the Prospect was the tower, whence the watchman watches day and night for fire. As I edged through the afternoon crowd, and dodged the headlong drivers of droschkies, I noticed certain black balls run up the signal tower. In a moment there came the tootle of a trumpet, and the blower, mounted, came galloping round a corner. Then the jangle of a bell, the clatter of hoofs, and a fire-engine—or at least part of a fire-engine. For the man who sat by the driver and waved the bell over his head heralded other vehicles; one carried a hose pipe, another a barrel which might have contained healing water or refreshing vodka. There were six in all, and upon each were big men in bright brass helmets. They galloped up the Newski Prospect towards a huge column of

smoke. Suddenly, amid the trumpeting and the ringing and the clatter every helmet was lowered, and as the horses dashed along every man reverently crossed himself. Even the bell-ringer, with bell still aloft in his left hand, did homage with his right hand to the eikon at the street corner.

The column of smoke grew thicker, blacker, higher.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

NOBODY could more heartily rejoice than I in the fact that at last a French knight has come forward to avenge the honour of the grievously besmirched Young Girl of France. M. Olivier de Trévillé offers to M. Marcel Prévost a documented reply to his savage and too famous *Demi-Vierges*, a book which may well be described as a blighting scandal in modern French literature. Until then the pornographers had passed the young girl by with a respectful, if indifferent, salutation. They tacitly agreed to leave her her evanescent hour of obscurity. M. Prévost leaped over this convention, broke outrageously with this honourable tradition, and dragged her into the light—a limelight, to be sure, purposely toned to suggest all stains, obliterate all traces of virtue; to reveal to our astounded view a vulgar, corrupt, rapacious, deflowered "maid of the world"; a cynical little monkey parodying the vices of her elders. That sin of his youth M. Prévost probably now regrets—is not his recent conversion to a healthier feminism than the vicious and morbid feminism of *Lettres de Femmes* a kind of public abjurement of an ancient heresy?—but a great writer reminds us that "the evil that men do lives after them"; and while M. Prévost is laboriously writing *Lea* or *Frédérique*, "*Demi-Vierges*" is being played—and very well played too—at the Athénée. He may argue, perhaps, that the way in this scandal was shown him by M. Feuillet, of perfumed and heraldic renown in sentimental fiction. In all gravity, and apparently without the ghost of a notion that his hero was playing the part of a lackey and a cad, M. Feuillet depicts a flower of French nobility—a privileged disputed one—in the noble Faubourg, listening unsuspected, and with the connivance of his titled hostess, to the private conversation of young ladies among whom he designed to choose a wife. He wished to discover if any of them were worthy of bearing his name. He was scandalised by their talk, which his sympathising creator found "fit to make monkeys blush." And so M. Prévost conceived the original project of making humanity blush instead.

Now comes forward the quixotic M. de Trévillé with more gracious purport. The calumniated maids of France sorely need a knight with so many pornographers abroad seeking whom they may devour, and beginning to tire of mere adultery as an over-exhausted source of excitement. Wearied of betraying each other, the husbands and wives of French fiction for a change are dreaming of fidelity, and in a recent novel, *Un Ménage Moderne*, by M. Emile Pierret, they have gone back delightedly to simple love and work and restricted means with the most admirable results. But with M. de Trévillé's arduous testimony the maidens are henceforth unassailable. *Les Jeunes Filles Pointes par Elles-mêmes* is a volume of six hundred closely-printed pages, and the dedicatory letter to M. Prévost assures us that several thousands of provincial and Parisian young girls have contributed to it. Some have been deliberately interviewed, others have been solicited to express themselves by letter on such burning subjects as the ideal type of the young girl, instruction, education of the young girl, the ball, northern literature, feminism, theatre-going and novel-reading, decentralisation, keeping of a diary, old maids, art, flowers, bull-fights, the spinning-wheel, women-strikers, scepticism and disenchantment, happiness, marriage, death, cremation.

The book is far too long, and, in spite of the babbling of thousands of young girls, monotonous and often intolerably dull. But there can be no doubt of the general soul disengaged from all this diverse chatter. It does extreme honour to France and to her maids. Nothing here in common with the infamous *demi-vierge*, nothing in common with the American and Anglo-Saxon flirt: honest, admirably behaved, slightly sentimental, often witty creatures, all looking forward to marriage with a very honourable and exalted idea of its responsibilities and duties. Each one is sincerely convinced that the rôle of wife and mother is the most beautiful on earth. The alarming thing is that among so many there should not be a suggestion of wildness, a breath of animal spirits, a dream of *elsewhere, beyond*, the kingdom of vague ambition and unattainable hope, a murmur of hoydenism, a whisper of worldliness, of loudness, fastness, or vulgarity: that is the depressing lack, original characterisation. For there is nothing fresh, or breezy, or barbarous, or candid about all these charming young persons. Their sweet reasonableness disconcerts and dismays. They nearly all think so admirably and write so sensibly. Of course now and then they talk nonsense, but it is the nonsense of correct and well-ordered minds, who walk much too carefully along the well-swept alleys of maidenhood prepared for their unfaltering steps by judicious elders, with never as much as a desire to cast a glance over the forbidden hedges, and who judge too austere and intolerantly those who deviate from this measured march. Sometimes these maids are aggressive, pert and priggish, and they are all tinctured with the vice of cant. Their patriotism is unequivocally Nationalist. They abhor everything English, German, and Scandinavian. They are devout, virtuous, and reactionary, having been brought up in convents; they abhor *progr-r-r-es* (as one of them satirically writes it), which they qualify as snobbism, and despise the unspeakable Saxon, whom they invariably describe as *myfte*. Their general admiration of Bossuet (is it sincere?) would delight M. Brunetière, and their favourite authors are Corneille and Lacordaire. Their virtue is desperately Cornelian. One and all desire to exhibit noble sons instead of jewels. But one frightfully satirical maid thinks ruefully, the thing is to have the noble sons, and she has, alas! small faith in the modern males of her great race. She mentions the Bazar de Charité, where all the women were burnt, and only the men were saved. Another attributes the decay of French chivalry to the base habit of imitating English fashions prevalent among the sons of Gaul. How can men be noble who send their linen to be washed in London, who are habited by British tailors, who indulge in British sports, and who talk like this after greeting with the barbarous British shake-hands? "Ai fait atteler au cab mon pur-sang et avec le groom suis allé jusqu'à. Enragé horseman! Charmant, ce garden-party. Ai pris part à deux games de lawn-tennis et football. Entre clubman avons causé jusqu'à five-o'clock de sport, de yachting. Très smart cette réunion." Decidedly those are not girls to throw themselves at the heads of men. They are charmingly dignified, intelligent, and well-bred.

The *Propos de Félix Faure* is instructive reading, if not from the point of view of history, certainly for the characteristic revelation it affords us of the fatuous individual the Déroulédists nonsensically apostrophised in death "as the last President of the French Republic." Poor M. Loubet is, of course, the President of the Jews, and, according to the latest clerical and Nationalist scare, M. Waldeck Rousseau is about to accomplish what Napoleon only dreamed of and become Pope. Not of Rome, however. The Temple of Jerusalem is to be reconstructed, but in Paris, not in Palestine. He is to be its pope or patriarch, in conspiracy with the Gallican bishops. These are the recent ravings of a Chartreusian monk. Verily, St. Bruno was wise to preach eternal silence. Had this monk not broken the law, we would never have known the mediæval ambition and wickedness of the Prime Minister, and so we are the more struck by the amiable candour

and vanity of that most simple and self-inflated burghess, Félix Faure. How delightfully he explains the failure to seize that elusive wand popularity, which was his to grasp and hold, of poor Carnot, pre-occupied with a liver disease, of M. Casimir-Perier, spoiled, petulant child of fortune; and how naively he delights in his good looks, his elegant figure and faultless tailoring, and, above all, in the friendship of Nicholas. One would think Nicholas and he were of the same age, that they had supped together in wild youth, and frequently smoked together the pipe of memory in middle age. Félix Faure, too, might have maintained St. Bruno's golden law with advantage.
H. L.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 108 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best "Ode to Forgotten Authors." We award the prize to Mr. F. B. Doveton, Karsfield, Torquay, for the following:

What though your humble names are never heard
In these ungracious days,
Yet by your words were many bosoms stirred
What time you piped your lays!
Then, your quaint prose or long-forgotten verse
Some student, it might be,
Would to his comrades lovingly rehearse,
So long ago, ah, me!
Among you may be some who in their time
Swayed many a heart, I trow;
Not to have read you almost seemed a crime
To those who prized you so!
Your names were once upon the lips of men.
Your volumes by their side,
They praised those prosings of your fluent pen
We "moderns" should deride!
And others of you who in numbers chose
To ease their teeming brain,
For some had all the sweetness of the rose,
The music of the rain.
Your books were read by many a crystal rill,
In sweet Julys long dead,
Or gladly coned when winter nights were chill,
And cheery fires burnt red.
And now your works are overlaid with dust,
They share oblivion's night;
Till in the box some hand by chance is thrust,
And drags one to the light!
The page for centuries closed we turn once more,
Then, smiling, go our way,
Harder to please than in the days of yore—
Well, well, you had your day.

Other odes received are as follows:

Sweet bards forgotten, bards of long ago,
Writers of prose majestic, epics keen,
Who slumber deep in duodecimo
With faded rose-leaves in your leaves atween!
Captors of passing thought, and passing scene,
Who dream for ever in a dusty row,
Oh, rest in peace! In sooth, 'twere better so,
Far from the noisy world, the critic's spleen!
For some day when the sunlight casts a glow
Through oriel windows—peaceful, golden sheen!—
Kissing your russet duodecimo,
Then, then, perchance, upon the cloister green
Shall tapered fingers press you! And, unseen,
Shall votive tears their silent praise bestow
For long-passed thought, and sweet, forgotten scene
Oh, bards forgotten, is't not better so—
The scholar's tear, the peaceful cloister green?

[H. G. T., London.]

When dust has dimmed the window-pane
And firelight flickers in the room,
Glancing along the friendly shelves
Brightening the sober folio's gloom.
From where your ghosts by day lie hid
You steal within the welcoming blaze:
Pale shadows from the bookman's land
You pass before my dreamy gaze.

With doubtful looks, you tender me
The works you wrought for love or lucre.
But Fame—Ah, sirs! a fickle jade!
I, too, alas, would fain rebuke her.

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You dreamed they held the fire divine,
The true, the right Promethean spark.
She smiled on them—a year, perhaps,
Then fled and left them cold and dark.

Yet though your names be strange to us
We hail you brothers of the craft;
And you, who've known our hopes and fears,
Will pledge us in a shadowy draught.

Fate spared you somewhat; what you wrote
Is yours: your souls can ne'er be vex'd
With echoes from the upper world
Of tortured and corrupted text.

In the dim land where now you dwell
You boast a fortune o'er your betters;
Biographies affright you not
With hates and loves a-dance in fetters;
No critics e'er appraise the style
Of your love-letters.

[J. A. P., Arbroath, N.B.]

We pity from our own superior state,
Your unremembered, long-neglected fate,
Smiling to think, in passing, of the pains,
You must have taken, and your lack of—brains!
Poor, foolish folk! dreaming that you'd be read
By twentieth century people, who instead
Have just as much as they can do to scan
Our red-hot fiction on the modern plan.
We use sensation.....thin-hid fact, that all
Upon the prototype may instant fall.
(You little guessed the secret of success,
Meant letting readers find *their* cleverness,
Not yours—oh, no—that's quite another tale,
Never resulting in phenomenal sale!)
We let the public prick our tiny bubble,
Without the slightest intellectual trouble!

You really must have been a prosy lot,
Writing what we'd decidedly call "rot,"
Most careful of your English—how precise!
If you had not been so exceeding nice,
Perhaps a thought or two we yet might spare,
To hunt your dusty volumes from their lair;
But nowadays to make a dull book sell—
It must, at least, be indecorous as well!

Vanished old writers! Do you in the shades,
Gossip about your late respective trades—
Comparing methods? Ah, well—I daresay,
You owned a circulation in your day—
And yet, perchance, may feel a Hadean thrill,
At thought of some belated vogue here still!

[E. C. M. D., Crediton.]

Thirty-three other replies received.

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